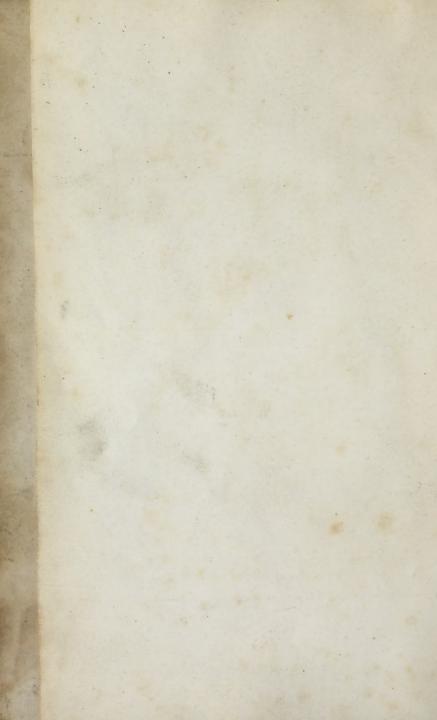
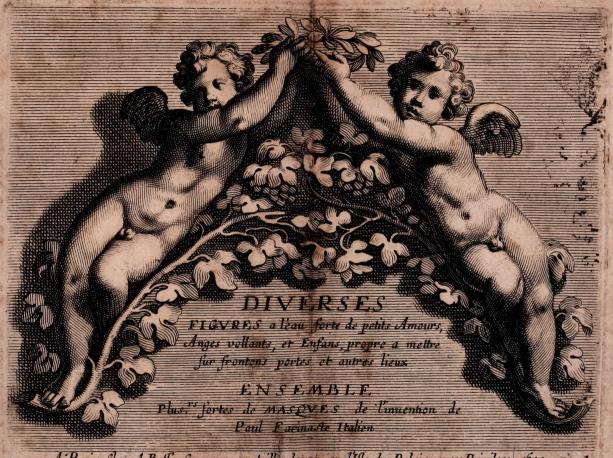


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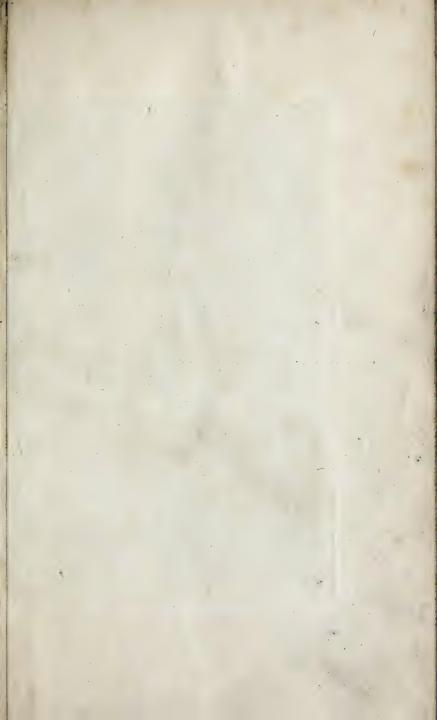


A Paris Chez A. Bosse Graneur en taille douce, en l'Ile du Palais, auec Prinilege 1644











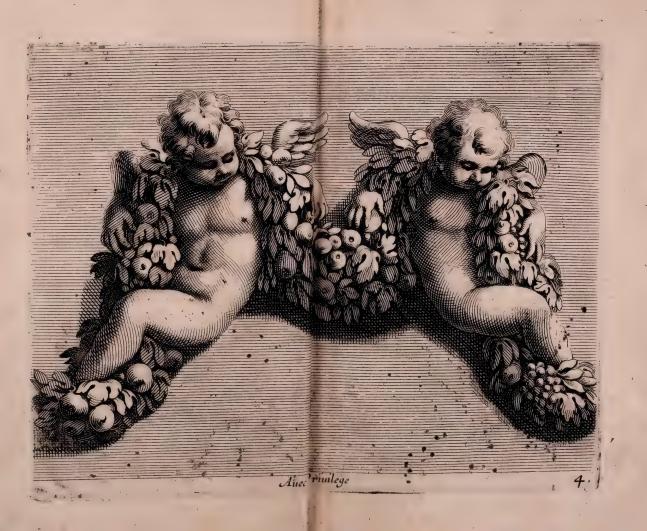


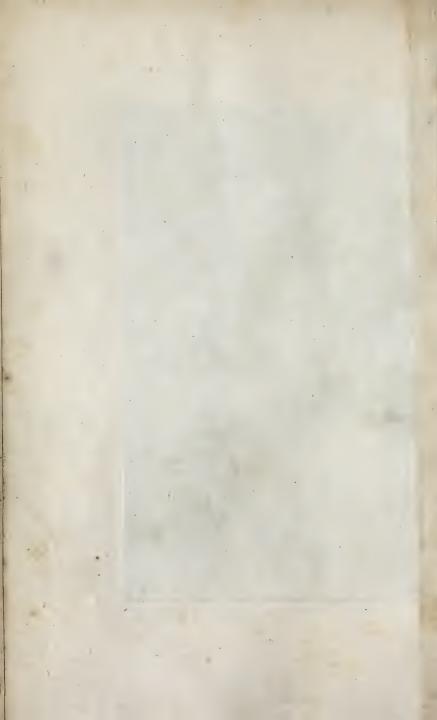
Auec Privilege

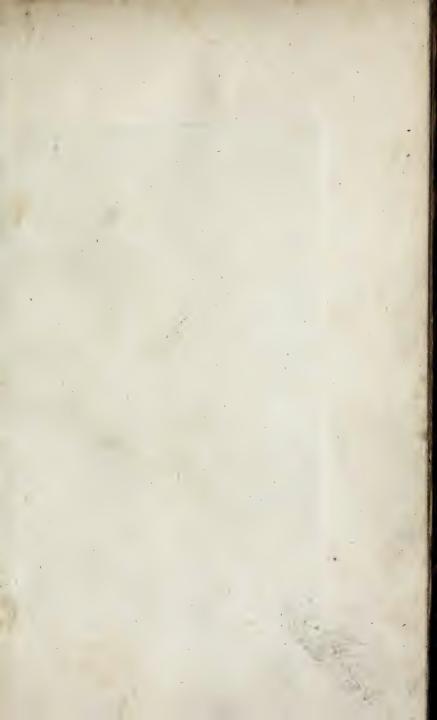




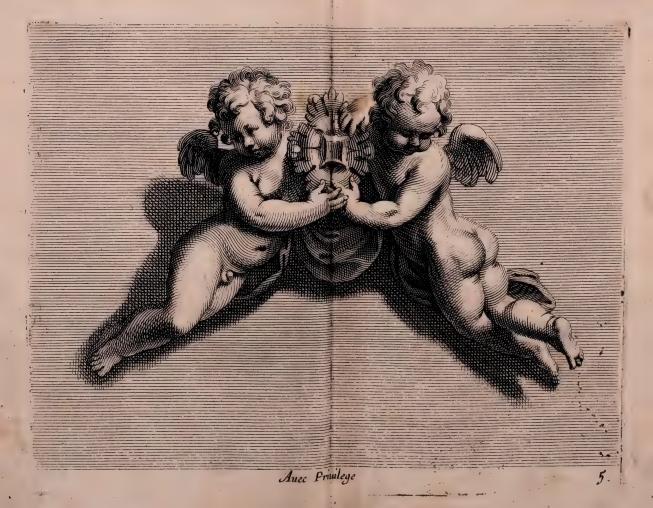




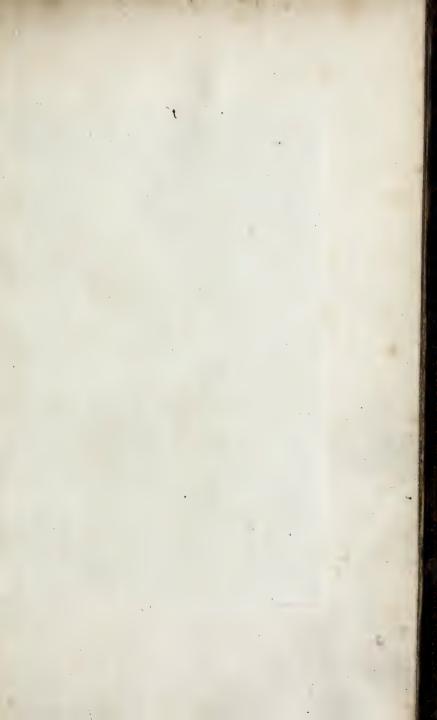


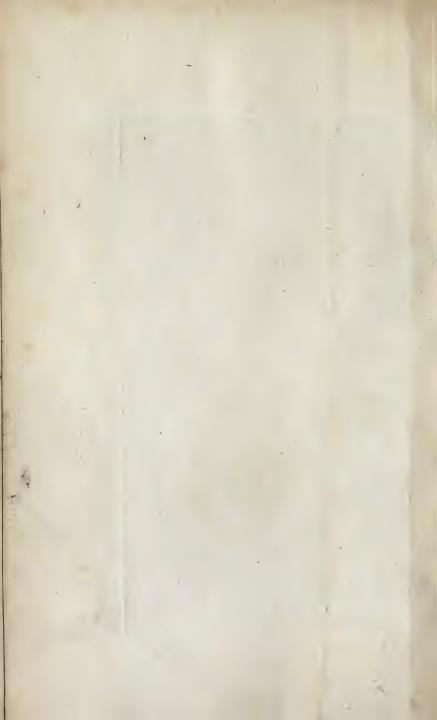












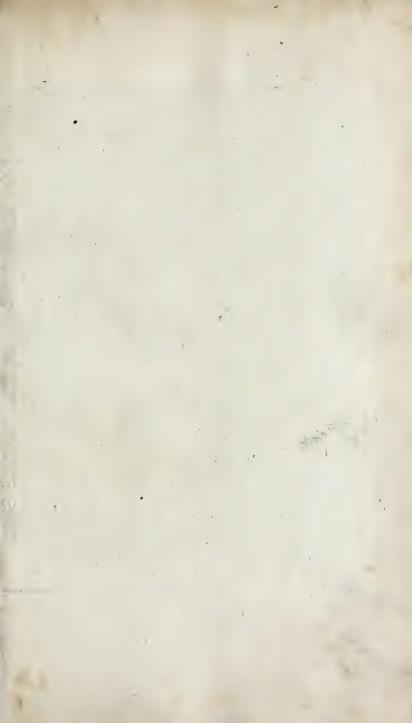










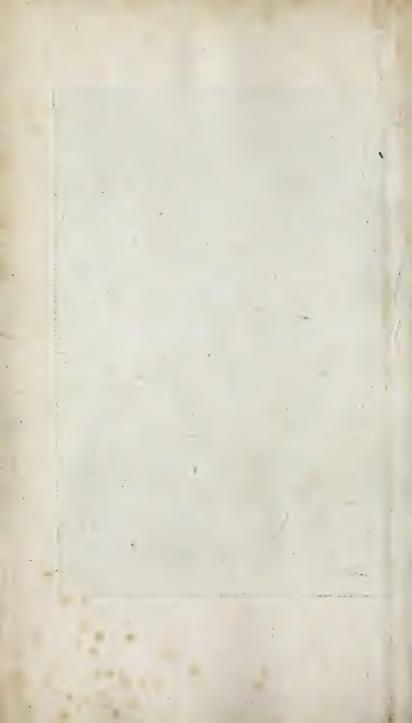


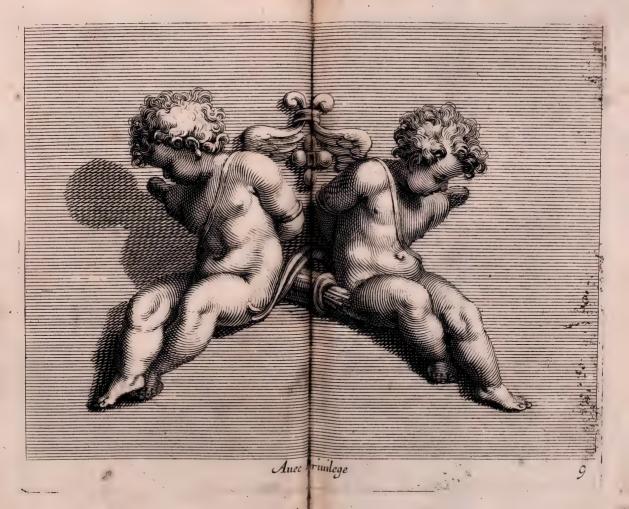




















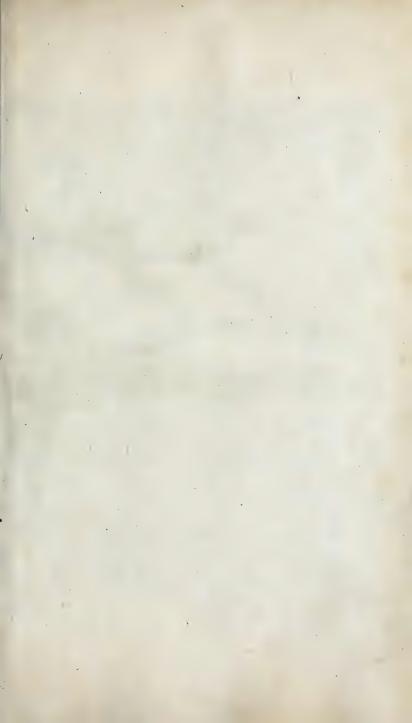






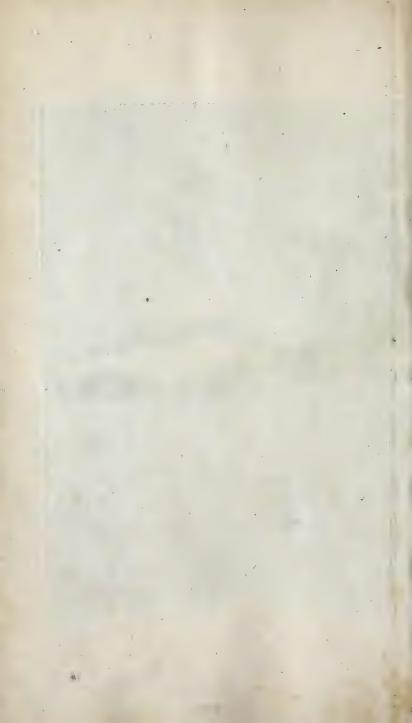




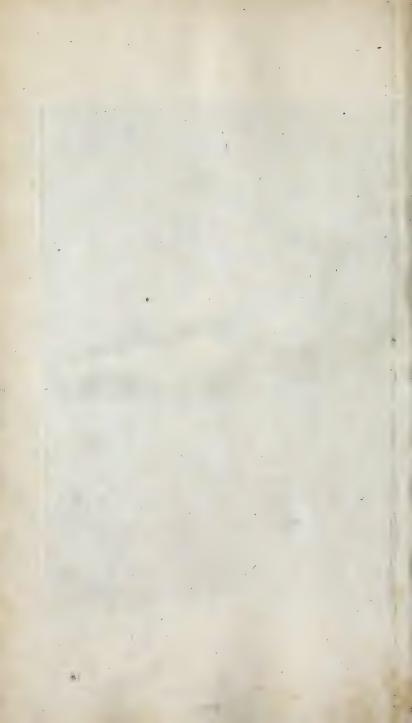


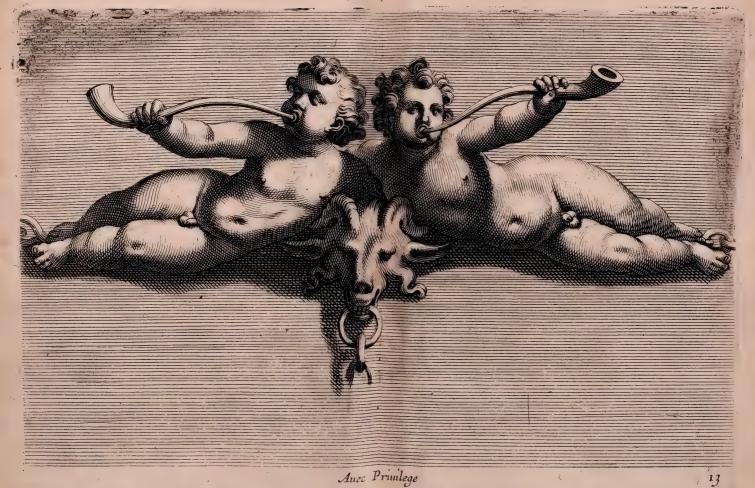




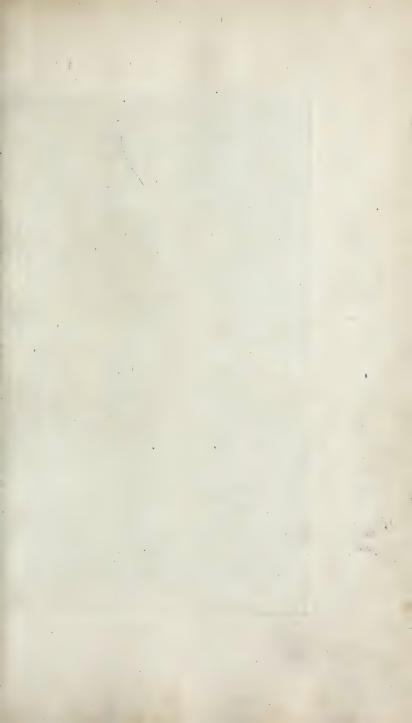






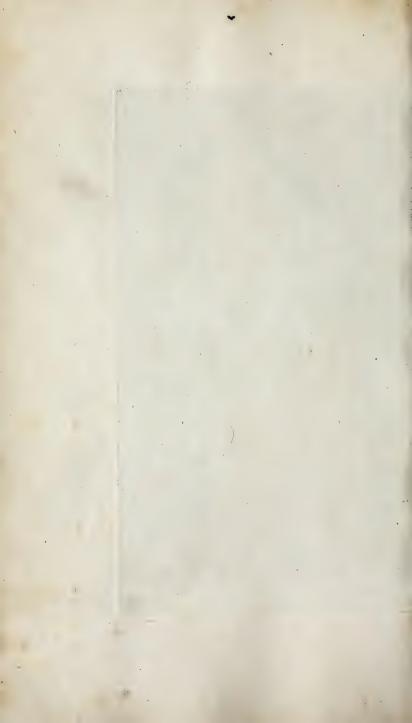




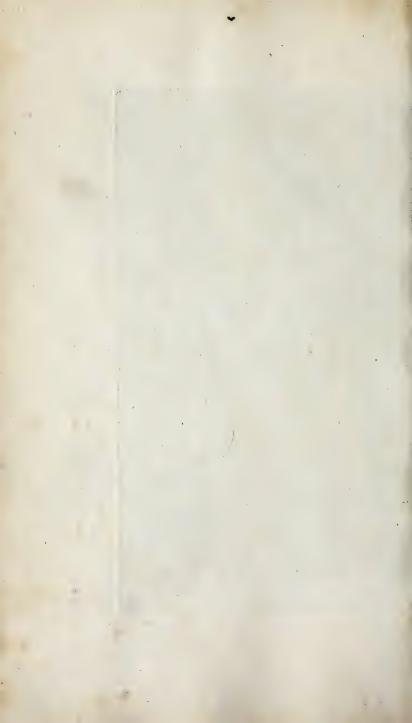








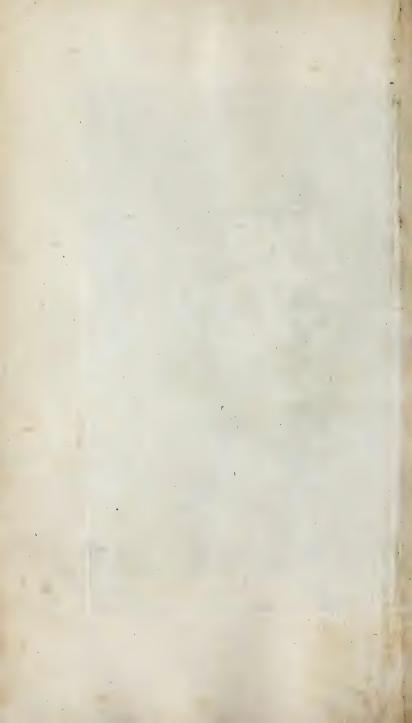




























Auec Prinilege





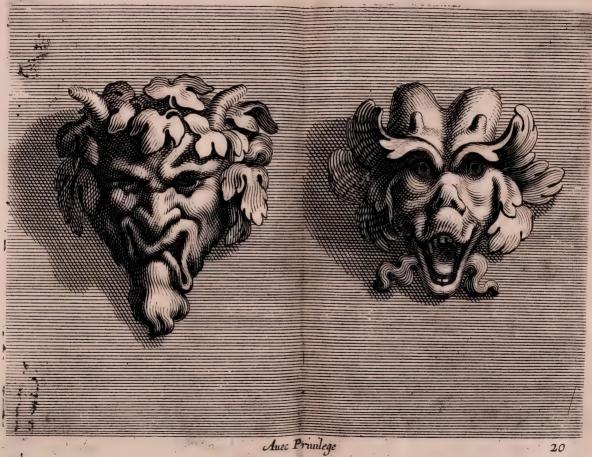
















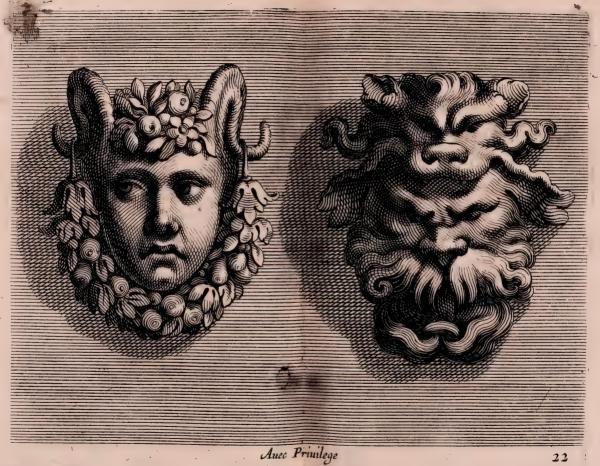










































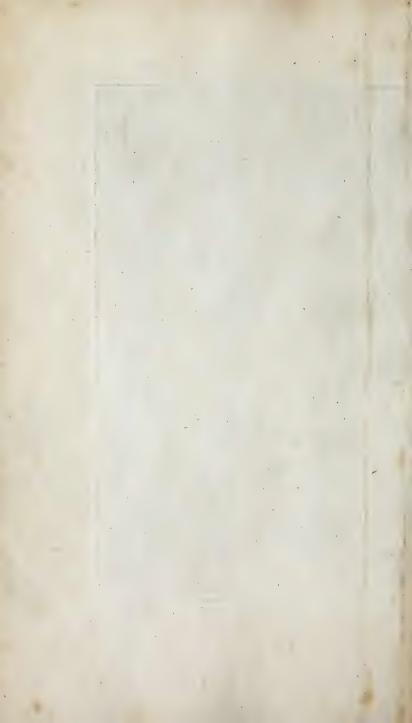


















Auec Prinlege



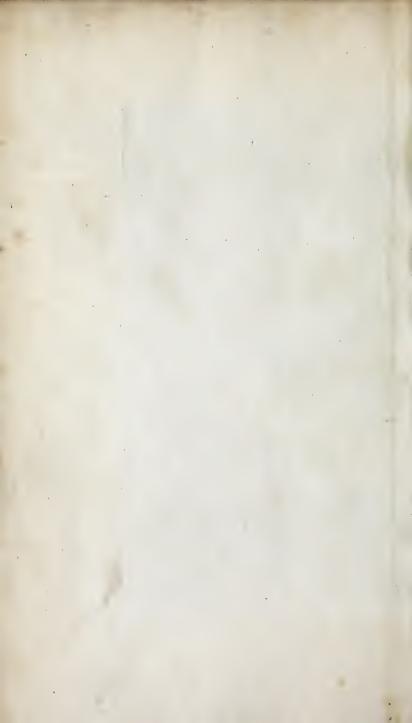




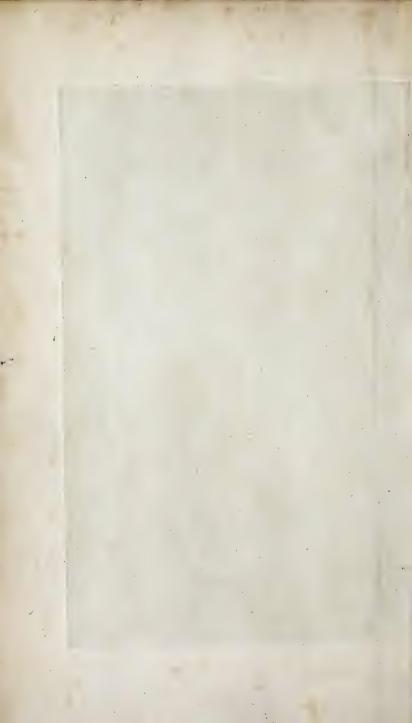






































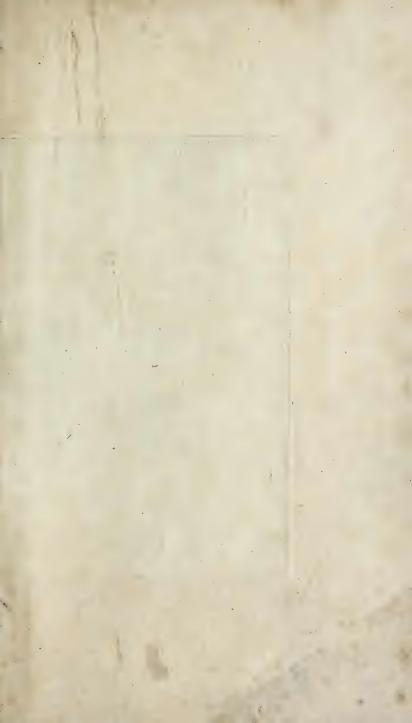
Cest moy qui des vinans suis vic et le Pere.

Besse le suis mastre des Cerps; messeunt jusquaux cieux excud.

Le perse 85 sends les girs, dont sembrasse la signere, que privil

Et Cest moy quon cherit et quon Craint en tous heux









L'AIR

Les Rois me font la Cour.le monde est mon Empire

Tembrasse L'univers de mes vtiles mains

se le fais vivre, ou mourir en tous lieux les humains excul

Et mon pouvoir sestend sur tout ce qui respire me primi









IEAV

Ientretiens le Commerce auec mille Vaisseaux,
Cest ma vertu qui rend toute plante fertile
Sans lumide on verroit perir les auimaux
Et sans moy lon verroit la nature sterile





LA TERRE

Iay le front couronne de Temples & d'autels
Cest mon Sein qui produit et nourit toutes choses

Bosse Ie suis sans fiction la mere des mortels
Et conserue pour eux lor les fruits & les roses aue primis.



Special

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THE GETTY CELLER